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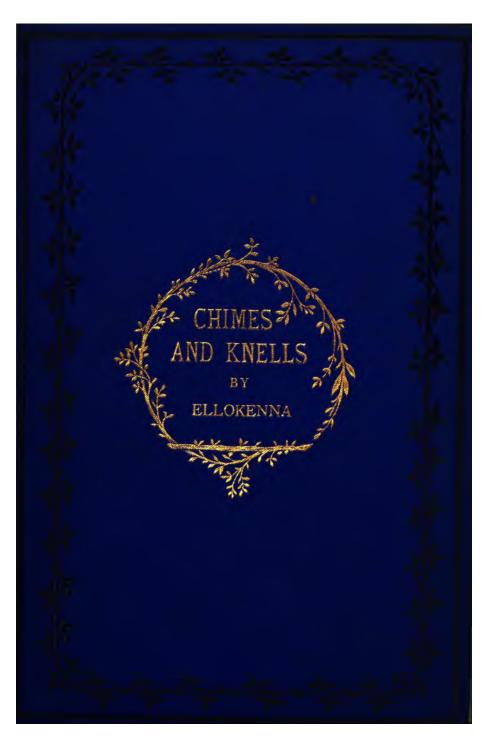
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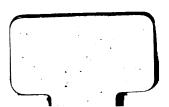
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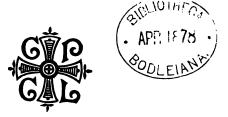
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CHIMES AND KNELLS.

BY

ELLOKENNA.



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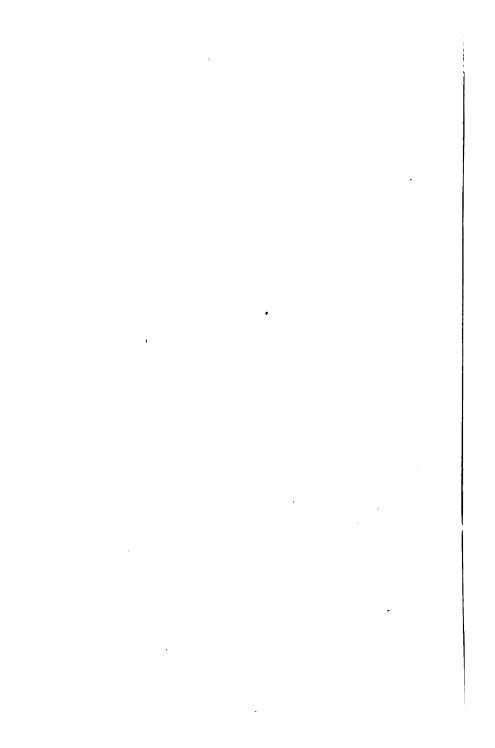
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CHIMES AND KNELLS.

SOMETHING TO DO.

SOMETHING to do—O God of life and light, Give us to labour, aye as in Thy sight, Through life's brief day, till closes death's dark night, Something to do.

Not idly in earth's sunshine would we bask, A higher, nobler lot should Christians ask; Within Thy vineyard, Lord, a daily task; Something to do.

Something for Thee—e'en though it be to bear The Cross and follow Thee—while Thou art near, It's weight we'll dread not, nor its anguish fear.

Something to do.

Some place amid Thy glorious ranks to fill; Some post to guard against the foemen still; To raise Thy standard high on this world's hill; Something to do. Something for Faith; some rising doubt to quell, And drive it from the mind's proud citadel, No more to enter where belief should dwell;

Something to do.

Something for Hope; to shed its healing balm
O'er some poor wounded heart; its storms to calm;
To point to Heav'n's white robe, and glittering palm.
Something to do.

Something for Charity; its cloak to throw O'er other's faults; their virtues strive to show; And seek the *sunbeam*, not its *mote* to know.

Something to do.

Something for Mercy's sake; some foe to win
To friendship, though he oft against us sin—
Some home to cheer, when trouble reigns within;
Something to do.

Something for Holiness; to strive and pray For grace to purify our house of clay; Some sin to conquer, while 'tis called to-day; Something to do.

Something for Sympathy; its tears to shed, When bowed by grief we see a brother's head; Or joy to know that brother's sorrow dead; Something to do. Something for Knowledge; nature's page to scan, To read the marvels of her wondrous plan, And learn what science may reveal to man;

Something to do.

Something for Wisdom; in each world's design, To trace the working of a power divine, And own the universe God's glorious shrine;

Something to do.

Something for Patience, too; good seed to sow, Nor murmur though life's autumn breezes blow Ere ripens the fair fruit that thence shall grow; Something to do.

Something for Good—in childhood's morning hours, When manhood's noon-tide radiance on us pours, Or shades of life's declining day are ours;

Something to do.

Something when in the silent grave we lie, A voiceless sermon to the passer-by To preach, the hope of immortality. Something to do.

And when the fetters of the tomb are riven, Some angel task, O Lord, to us be given! Yea, e'en amid the ransomed throngs of Heaven, Something to do.

THERE'S WORK FOR THEE.

SERVANT of God, where'er thou hast a home,
Where'er thy wand'ring footsteps chance to roam,
Thy Saviour's voice still calls, "My brother, come!"
"There's work for thee."

Dream not, thou canst do nought. Where'er thy lot Be cast, in nature's sunniest, loveliest spot, Or region drear, where light and joy come not,

There's work for thee.

Where'er thou findest grief, or want, or shame, Seek not, in Pharisaic pride, to blame; Strain rather every nerve to help the same— There's work for thee.

Where'er a sinner's steps from right are straying, Where'er a broken heart for peace is praying, Where'er is doubt arising, faith decaying, There's work for thee.

Why stand'st thou idle here the livelong day? "No man hath hired me," we hear thee say; 'Tis true, for *God* hath done it—then away!

There's work for thee.

Much hath been done—much yet remains to do, More pain to soothe, more agony, more woe. Then on, thou Christian, dauntless, onwards go! There's work for thee.

To guide the aged on the road to Heaven, To shed its glories over this life's even; To thee this high, this holy task is given: There's work for thee.

And not less blessed is this work of love,
To feed Christ's lambs with nurture from above,
A task that angels might to envy move;
There's work for thee.

To teach the young how virtue should adorn Not Life's last hours only, but its morn, That manfully by them its cross be borne.

There's work for thee.

To save a soul from ignorance and crime,
To train some youthful mind to thoughts sublime,
And tune its melodies to Heaven's own chime;
There's work for thee.

To help the shepherds of Messiah's fold The stores of truth and wisdom to unfold, With self-denying zeal to young and old; There's work for thee. Give of thy wealth, thou Dives, freely give!

Ten thousand times thy gifts shalt thou receive

Above, where thou a king for aye may'st live,

There's work for thee.

Thou who hast little, give—the widow's mite Is very precious in Jehovah's sight; 'Twill shine a gem upon thy crown of light; There's work for thee.

Give of thy time, who hast no gold to spare;
Thus canst thou make a brother's weal thy care;
Eternities of bliss with him to share;
There's work for thee.

Give of thy talents, who with such art bless'd; God lends them—in His cause employ thy best, And thou shalt be of richer far possessed; There's work for thee.

Give, thou who canst no more, for Jesu's sake, A cup of water, as from love's pure lake: Thy simple act shall Seraphs' praises wake. There's work for thee.

The deed of kindness to Christ's little one Thou deem'dst forgotten, almost ere 'twas done, As done to Christ Himself He writeth down.

There's work for thee.

Give of thy prayers, that our Almighty God Who aye hath bless'd the ways His Spouse hath trod, May mark her footpaths yet, as hallowed sod.

There's work for thee.

Why fearest thou the world, its hate, its scorn, If only Jesu claim thee for His own, Another jewel in His Church's crown?

There's work for thee.

Oh be not weary, Christian; work and wait,
Lead others with thee through the narrow gate,
Thy guerdon be to know, in Heaven's high state,
There's rest for thee.

POESIE.

What art thou, Poesie? A zephyr's breath, As sweet, and oft as short-lived too.
A grouping in the mind's kaleidoscope,
Made of the beautiful and true.

A warming ray that reacheth many a heart, That else were comfortless and cold. A magic spell, like Midas' fabled touch, Changing Earth's common things to gold. The varying glories of the sunset cloud, When Phoebus steals a parting kiss; Aflame with anger at the golden theft, Or blushing red with conscious bliss.

The fairy child of Music, Fancy-nursed,
Lovely, capricious, wanton, wild;
Now speaking as with Ocean's mighty roar,
Now with the streamlet's murmur wild.

A restless wandering sprite, on Earth for ever, Hither and thither dost thou roam; One hour with some untutored soul thy dwelling, Anon with Wisdom's sons, thy home.

The hum of insects, on a summer's eve,

Lulling the world to rest again.

The language that in Dreamland's glades is spoken,

The echo of an elfin strain.

The filmy outline of her own fair form,

That gentle Love delights to trace.

The scorching lines by fiery Passion drawn,

And glowing with the lightning's grace.

The hand that Sorrow's blackest cloud can part,
And show to man its silver lining—
The herald to proclaim the coming day,
When night her darkest wreath is twining.

The richest setting for the gems of Thought;
The harp of Heaven's minstrelsy;
The pure soul's simplest, grandest, sweetest note;
Interpreter of Memory.

Then haste, sweet Poesie, to us, O haste; And with us still in love abide, To cheer the heart, and elevate the mind, As down Life's turbid stream we glide!

Lines written on hearing of the circumstance of a traveller seeing a solitary grave in a forest of Australia, surmounted by a wooden cross, bearing this inscription—

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF A STRANGER."

YES, sacred be the spot! Let no rude hand Profane the grave where rests the unknown dead: Pause, stranger, pause, and reverently stand Beside the turf where lies thy brother's head.

Deem not his sleep unhallowed, though alone
His bones are mingling with the dust around;
The seed of Immortality here sown,
Hath surely made it consecrated ground.

Alone with nature, and with God, he died,
The forest leaves were all his bed of death;
Nought save the winds his requiem sang, and sighed
To catch the echo of his parting breath.

No funeral pomp was his. No white-robed priest Pronounced a blessing o'er the stranger's bier; No mourning kindred bore him to his rest, And bathed his grave with sweet affection's tear.

Nor sacred text, nor verse of sounding praise Proclaims his virtues to the passer-by: No marble monument fond love may raise Here, where a nameless wand'rer's ashes lie.

Yet are they not unhonoured, for Heaven's dew Falls on the flowers that o'er the exile wave; And kindly hands (perchance a *stranger's*, too) Gave all humanity could give—a grave.

Though far from friends, from home, from native shore, Secure he slumbers 'neath this lowly mound; His passage through Life's stormy ocean o'er, His aching heart a long repose hath found.

Peace to his memory! His path was sad,
His end was lonely, and his tomb is mean;
Yet may he rise from thence, with Glory clad,
And find a home where Death no more is seen.

TO AN OLD MAID.

THINE eye, it is dim with age, old maid,
That once was so sparkling and bright;
Then love, anger, or mirth in each glance might be read,

Now, the passions that kindled those glances are dead,

But a sweet smile of peace beameth out in their stead, And I love its gentle light.

Thy hair, it is silvery now, old maid,
That once fell in ripples of gold!
Oh! 'twas beautiful then, and it wakened the lays
Of a hundred adorers; but yet, to my gaze
It is lovelier now, and I'll sing to the praise
Of the grey locks of the old.

Thy brow, it is wrinkled now, old maid,
That once was so smooth and fair;
But the picture is none the less valued, I ween,
Because Time's skilful pencillings in it are seen,
And the tints of Life's Autumn are bright as the
green
Of its Spring-tide everywhere.

Thy heart, it hath room for all, old maid,
That erst was all given to one;
Now thine idol is dead, but thou'lt meet him above,
Where each breath shall be fragrant with purified love,
And on earth, sorrow-chastened, thy spirit doth prove
Untouched by the grief of none.

NIGHT.

It is not dumb,

The calm, the stilly night!

It tells of solace to the anguished soul

O'ercome by sorrow's might.

And ever hath its voice mankind address'd

In tones, proclaiming to the mourner peace,

The weary, rest.

It is not sad,
The quiet, tranquil night!
There is a mirth, in yonder twinkling orbs,
That makes the heart grow light;
Those stars, like friendly eyes in Heaven above,
Keeping o'er nature, through the darkling hours,
A watch of love.

It is not drear,
The sable-curtained night!
Seems not the landscape, bathed in Cinthia's beams,
With wondrous glory dight?
Night hath a solemn beauty all its own,
A loveliness that, 'neath the summer's sun,
Day ne'er hath known.

THE OLD YEAR'S END.

HARK! what sound disturbs our midnight slumber? 'Tis an old friend's passing knell we hear.

Now, with the past another year we number;

O'er its grave who will not shed a tear?

Full many a soul, since last that peal resounded,
Homewards called, hath sought its native skies;
And many an one, whose heart with joy then bounded,
Glances tow'rds some vacant chair, and sighs.

Heartstrings vibrate now, as memory's finger Wakes them to the strains of long ago; Sad, yet strangely soothing, 'tis to linger O'er the past, its pleasures, and its woe.

As falls this feather from the wing of Time, As drops this leaflet from the tree of Time The songs of dying hours, swanlike, sublime, Echo "Death with new-born Hope is rife."

Yon bell that now proclaims the Old Year gone,
Hails the morning of the New Year's birth;
Time's scythe, that fain would mow Hope's flowers
down,

Fells the thistles of Despair to earth.

And though 'tis sad to bid our days adieu, Sadder still to weep a friend's farewell, Each fleeting moment nearer brings to view Shores where exiled Grief may never dwell.

Joy and Sorrow, Mirth and Gladness, ever, Mingle in a strange confusion here; God hath joined them, and we dare not sever, Man can only wonder and revere.

THE LAMENT OF THE DEWDROP.

WHEN Night to the Earth is her lesson repeating,
And darkness throws o'er her a funeral pall;
When nature weeps Dewdrops, for days that are
fleeting,
A tear from her eye, on the green sward I fall.

My blessing to crave, see, the green blade is bending; And fain on its bosom, for ever, I'd stay; But vain is the wish, for to wand'rings unending, The Dewdrop is doomed, I must hasten away.

Around me the lily her white raiment windeth,

I hide in the bluebell, the folds of the rose;

But oh, the false daylight my hiding place findeth,

And warns me how short must be here my repose.

And oft on the grave of some lov'd one I tremble,
And water the blossoms Affection hath spread,
But there, too, the sunbeams still mocking assemble,
To chase me away from my home with the dead.

The valley's green pastures I now am adorning,
And now the steep sides of the mountain I kiss;
Oh, why must I flee on the wings of the morning?
And why must the noontide my loveliness miss?

Alas, for the offspring of Earth and of Heaven!

No home for the Dewdrop in either is found;

For when, as mere vapour, from that I am driven,

Rejected by this, I'm cast back to the ground.



THE RAISING OF JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER.

LET earth rejoice, and shout from pole to pole, He comes, where Galilee's deep waters roll, Whose every gesture marks Him Zion's King, Though Israel's blinded sons no tribute bring! He weareth, too, a crown, but not of earth, Her richest diadems are nothing worth Beside the Love that decks Messiah's brow—In Mercy robed, behold the Monarch now.

Capernaum, exalted city! say,
Is not thy highest honour won to-day;
To know His sacred feet thy streets have trod,
The Son of Man, and yet the Son of God?
Ye Galilean men, that round Him throng,
Your voices raise in a triumphant song!
To do Him homage, all ye nations rise,
And let your loud Hosannas rend the skies!
And mortals vie, with Heaven's shining host,
Who shall adore their Lord and Master most—
Whose ready hand doth banish grief and pain,
Whose sympathy no mourner seeks in vain.

What means this silence? Why your hearts so cold? Do they not burn your Saviour to behold? What fatal darkness, sons of Abram, blinds

Your eyes? It must be sin that from your minds His presence hides? Too oft is scorn His lot; And yet the Man of Sorrows murmurs not. He knows how changeless is the dread decree That He by man rejected here must be. But not for this, less ready He to lend A willing ear to all who'd call Him friend; And God be praised! some grateful hearts proclaim His glorious works, and spread abroad their fame. Those eyes, so late restored by Him to sight, Can surely deem no form so fair and bright As Jesu's own! The tongue by Him unbound, How can it fail to tell His praises round? The ears His words hath opened, too, draw near, His voice the sweetest music they can hear. No longer doomed to cry for aye, "Unclean!" The leper mingles with his fellow men Unshunned, for God Himself hath wrought his cure. The steady frame, once palsied, shows His power. Ye impotent, why seek Bethesda's Pool? Have faith in Christ, and He shall make you whole! Mark how the sick and needy round Him press; And hear the very demons all confess His might, and flee before Him. Tempests cease, And waves are still, what time He whispers "Peace."

Nor is this all—a wonder greater still To-day shall make the hearts of Israel thrill.

Already, by the anxious father led,
Christ hastens to a dying maiden's bed.
Jairus, fear not! thou hast found a Friend.
Soon, soon in triumph shall thy sorrow end!
Be not dismayed, e'en when thou hear'st their tread
Who come to tell thee that thy child is dead!
Believe, and Death itself He shall control;
(The Lord of Life can summon back the soul);
Nor heed their sneers who dare to "laugh to scorn"
His words—ere long 'twill be their time to mourn.

Now at the ruler's house, His footsteps stay; Let wailing cease, this is a *festal* day! Daughters of Zion, weep no more the dead, But haste, the gladsome tidings wide to spread, Emmanuel bends, to soothe a father's fear, And to a mother's anguished cry gives ear! One moment, and that cry will turn to joy, No more shall fear that father's peace destroy.

High beats each pulse, is quickened every breath—
For now He stands beside the bed of death;
And while He looks around with pitying mien,
Pause we, to contemplate the solemn scene.

Of yonder noisy mockers see we none; Five only, with the High and Holy One, Are gathered here. Rejoice ye chosen three; Prophets and kings in vain desired to see The glorious things your favoured eyes behold, And hear His voice, Whose coming they foretold! Yet who can wonder that your silent tears Unbidden flow, this hour? What mortal ears Could deaf remain to the heartrending sighs Of yon bereaved parents? or whose eyes Unmoved could be spectators of their grief, Despairing now, now hoping for relief From Him Who holds the keys of Death and Hell? The breast that doth not now with pity swell, Or more, or less than human must it be! And she, whose loss they mourn; say, where is she? Nay, point not to that couch! She is not there. That form so pale, so cold, so still, so fair, Is but a lifeless shape of earth-born clay; Herself, her spirit, hath fled far away. Still beauty, loth to leave her, lingers yet Upon that lovely brow, whereon is set The impress of a pure and gentle mind, Of youth, and grace, and innocence combined. Death! thou hast singled out the fairest flower Of Israel's garden, to attest thy power; Nay, rather, weakness! Canst thou disobey The Almighty's mandate? No; then yield thy prey So, Christ the maiden's hand doth take—and flies, With more than lightning speed, His word "Arise," To distant shores, where Thought scarce dares to roam That far-off land, the soul's mysterious home.

Through Hades' courts the unwonted summons rings, And swiftly back, her way the spirit wings; The life-blood courses through you veins once more, Those orbs with lustre sparkle as before; No longer wearied, and distraught with pain, The damsel wakes to health and strength again.

Ye awe-struck gazers, start not in dismay,
In works like this, doth Christ His Love display!
Ye, mother, no sweet dream your eye deceives!
Cheer thee, Jairus, for thy daughter lives!
Down on your bended knees, ye parents, fall,
Your thanks to render to the Lord of all.
Messiah own, omnipotent to save,
He only is victorious o'er the grave.
Hark! Heaven re-echoes with the angels' praise;
Will ye refuse the same glad song to raise?
Nay, all the most exalted strains of earth,
Were but a meagre tribute to His worth;
And while her thousand tongues their praise afford,
Your hearts shall gladly join to bless the Lord!

RUINS.

How beautiful ye are, ye ruined halls Of dear old England, round whose crumbling walls The veil of by-gone days and mem'ries falls.

Ye ruined walls, all hail!

I love ye, noble emblems of decay,
What tune the moonbeams, soft and silvery, play
Fantastic 'mid your shadows dim and grey
Ye ruined walls, all hail!

I love ye when the sunbeams gaily dance Upon your rugged forms, and slyly glance Through many a chink, as fearing to advance, Ye ruined walls, all hail!

I love ye in the peaceful still twilight,
When day retreating yields her place to night;
Ye seem so strange and weird in fancy's sight,
Ye ruined walls, all hail!

I love ye when the summer roses bloom Beneath your shades, dispelling half their gloom; Like life, a visitor in death's dark room.

Ye ruined walls, all hail!

I love ye when the winter's glorious snows Upon your hoary battlements repose; Like childhood's innocence on aged brows.

Ye ruined walls, all hail!

I love ye, when, in pensive mood, I trace The forms that once, within thy hallowed space Were seen, long years ago, a living race.
Ye ruined walls, all hail!

I love ye when, in gayer frame of mind, I wander 'mid the paths that round ye wind; And beauties new and varied ever find.

Ye ruined walls, all hail!

I love ye all! May Time's destructive hand Long spare ye, thus to grace our native land, And sacred relics of the Past to stand.

Ye ruined walls, all hail!

MUSIC.

WHERE dwelleth music? In the torrent's thunder,
Madly dashing o'er its mountain bed?
See, before it rocks are rent asunder!
Hark! it wakes the echoes overhead!
Can that be music? Dwells it in the roar
Of angry waters on some rock-bound shore?

Nay, sounds like these small harmony can breathe,
In softer cadence Music's accents flow:
The solemn stillness of a Sabbath eve,
The zephyr's breath, the streamlet's murmur low,

The feathered songster's warbled hymn of praise; In these sweet notes, she loves her voice to raise.

Harmonious are the strains of minstrel's lyre,
And smooth the numbers of the poet's lay;
But Music sweeter still doth man require,
Sublimer, purer, holier, day by day!
The sounds of home, the voice of those we love,
These, these are melody, all strains above!

FRIENDSHIP.

Full oft doth Love the poet's soul inspire,
And wake to melody the minstrel's lyre.
But not to Love, shall these my humble lays
Devoted be; another song I'll raise!
And oh! let none less high my subject deem;
It is a sacred, great, and glorious theme!
At Friendship's shrine, I bow the willing knee,
In Friendship's praise, my voice shall loudest be!
The world may sneer, the while I sing her reign,
Or dub me sentimental, silly, vain;
If this be sentiment, to own her sway,
Who strews with brightest blossoms life's dark way,
And makes our souls with pure emotion thrill—
Then gladly I'll be sentimental still!

For I believe, despite the cynic's sneer,
That Friendship, true and beautiful, is near
Us oft, unknown, it may be, or disguised
In seeming coldness. Oh, how highly prized
Her angel form should be, that brightest shines
When rapidly prosperity declines;
When dark as Erebus is sorrow's hour,
And darker still, the thoughts that come, with pow'r
From Evil borrowed, that the human mind
Is nought but pride and selfishness combined!
'Tis then we see pure Friendship's day-star rise,
And learn that Truth in human nature lies.
Though some prove false friends, some are what they
seem,

And, by their actions, show it no fond dream, By fancy sketched within a foolish brain, The hope that Evil doth not always reign Triumphant over Goodness.

Who can bind Thee, holy Friendship? Who thy fetters find?

Can Space? Ah, no! tho' thousand billows roll
'Twixt hearts that bow beneath thy sweet control;
Though half the world should friend from friend
divide,

Its power their hearts to sever thou'lt deride; And smiling, tighter draw thy silver chain, That links them in a bondage free from pain. Can Life? Nay, surely not, for, day by day, Thy pow'r doth grow, to chase its gloom away; And half its joys, I ween, would rest unknown, Did life thy cheering influence disown.

Can Death, the arch destroyer? Who can tell? In yon mysterious land, where Spirits dwell, Awaiting the last trumpet's awful sound, It may be, even there, thou art not bound. Yea, in that region, where the weary rest, Full many a David may upon the breast Of some beloved Jonathan repose; And, in immortal Friendship, mortal woes Forget; for One, the Friend of man, is near, Who once did hallow Friendship by a tear.

Can Time? No, never! for each day and hour New beauty to thy amaranthine flow'r Doth give, and vainly shall this tyrant strive To lay it low, with his destructive scythe.

Eternity? "Not so," hear Faith reply— When loving hearts in bitter anguish cry: "Where is the land, where Friendship shines for aye,

More glorious than the sun's meridian ray? Where, undisturb'd by Sorrow, or by Guile, Her face shall wear an everlasting smile?

Where friends, that meet to part no more again, Shall 'Hallelujah' sing, in sweetest strain?"
Though *Reason*, in dismay, but echoes "Where?"
Faith points to Heaven, and smiling, answers "There."

ST. PAUL IN PRISON.

Acts xxviii. 16-31.

GoD's Word the Christian reads, and swift doth rise The curtain of the past before his eyes; The holy men of God once more appear, And glorious deeds are done, he reads of there—For what though centuries their course have run, Since lived those holy men, those deeds were done! Time cannot fetter yet the mind of man, Thought can the intervening ages span, And bear him swift, o'er its receding tide, To shores where Saints of old stand by his side.

One scene like this, e'en now do we behold;
Full eighteen hundred years have backward roll'd—
And lo! we tread the streets of ancient Rome;
Of pride, and pomp, and pageantry, the home.
The Queen of Cities, 'fore whose mighty throne,
One half the nations of the world bow down;

Whose warlike sons maintain, o'er all the earth, The prowess of the land that gave them birth; Where lordly mansions greet the traveller's eye, And tell of wealth to every passer by—

But not Rome's splendour, in her palmiest day, Hath pow'r the Christian's footsteps long to stay. We linger not to hear the martial tread Of Cæsar's legions, on to victory led. To more exalted scenes, our way we wend, Yet doth it in a prison chamber end. Yes, but we know full well these gloomy walls Possess a dignity, not all the halls Of Roman palaces can ever claim! For one they hold, (yet little known to fame) Whose course, ere long, the Church's boast shall be; Whose virtues do adorn humanity. A captive, yet a king, nay more, a Saint, His mind of his dear Lord's a copy faint, But real, and godly men shall ave revere, In future years, his worth we look on here; The while his tyrant's hated name is sung, Another word for cruelty and wrong-Whose heart, in higher graces doth abound? What nobler brow, was e'er with laurel crown'd, Than his? This captain of God's army, Paul, This warrior, in the noblest strife of all!

With faithful hand, he wields his Master's sword, A more than Conqueror, through Christ his Lord-Not Cæsar's honours can with his compare, Though wide his empire, and his riches rare— Dominions greater far, to Paul are given, A more than Emperor, an heir of Heaven! Yea, Nero's purple seems but mean attire, Beside yon prisoner's garb; for ranks not higher, The coarsest vesture of a noble soul. Than regal robes, that hide a spirit foul? Those fetters too, with brighter lustre glow, Than all the tyrant's jewelled chains can show. And soon, we know, shall deck those aged brows, A crown, more glorious than did e'er repose On Emperor's here; 'tis gold without alloy; A martyr's diadem, a crown of joy!

Not yet though, Saint, thy mortal race is run;
Not yet, thy welcome task on earth is done;
Nor over quite, thy deadly strife with sin;
More hearts to Holiness, thou hast to win.
Thus far, thy eager aspirations rise,
Not satisfied, thyself to win the prize
Of thy "high calling," if, by them untrod,
The road that leads from Satan unto God—
By thine example, and thy precepts too,
Thou bidd'st thy brethren, to their posts be true.
And lo! they flock to this, thy prison cell,

To hear thee tell of Him thou lovest well-In tones of burning eloquence and zeal, Dost thou, to brother men, Christ's love reveal. Nor they alone, whose presence cheers thee here. Thy cares receive; to thee are not less dear, The sheep whose feet, in other pastures stray; They, too, need guidance, in the narrow way-And see, the saintly Luke, with ready pen, Records the words that teach thy fellow men, In every age, God's armour to put on; His wars to wage; Truth's girdle bright to don; For shining breastplate, Righteousness to choose; And sandals of the Gospel's glorious news Of "Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Man;" the head, Salvation must protect, in helmet's stead; And over all, the shield of Faith must be Their sure defence against the enemy; Then, with God's Word, the Spirit's sword, in hand, Assured of victory his warriors stand.* Thus, Paul, dost thou, in wisdom all profound, A lesson draw from everything around, And mak'st thy very trials lend a light To build the Church; for by thee, day and night, Is he, whose form, in warlike garb arrayed, Hath to thy mind these images conveyed; The Roman soldier, fierce, and stern, and hard,

^{*} Ephesians vi. 13-17.

For ever fixed on thee, his rude regard. How little he his prisoner's worth suspects! Your bodies, not your souls, yon chain connects! From him, no sympathy thou mayest ask, Still less, assistance in a Christian task. For thy high purposes he nothing cares Nor understands, thy cell alone he shares—

And is this trouble nought? Thou mourner, say, Would'st thou tread, friendless, Sorrow's thorny way? No heart, whose music, with thine own, may keep Sweet harmony; no eye, with thine to weep? No words of kindness, that may solace bring, And rob Adversity of half its sting? Or thou, condemned the race of Life to run With minds that ne'er can, with thine own, be one? And oh! if Sympathy be dear to you, Then learn to pity others' sorrows too.

All this we see, and more—Faith's searching eye, And Faith's alone, hath power to descry Another form, a constant inmate here, E'en nobler than St. Paul's; Who comes to cheer His servants' drooping hearts, in every place, And make their souls to triumph in His grace.

And now we leave thee, Paul! The vision o'er, Our steps, rejoicing, we retrace once more;

Our toil resume, with ardour newly born; For He Who strengthen'd thee, to us hath sworn, He will not leave us helpless, though our lot Be cast in earth's obscurest, lowliest spot. Christ measures not by our deserts, His gifts, His humblest foll'wer to a throne He lifts.

We may not all be *Pauls*, but we may share Paul's glory in a home surpassing fair!
Yea Angels' voices our "Well done!" may sing, And Heaven's arches, with our welcome, ring; If we, like him, count ev'ry gain but loss, Compared with Jesu's love, who bore our cross!

UNIVERSAL BEAUTY.

'NEATH a flowery bank, in the sweet Spring-time,
I wandered, and lo! the scene was fair;
And the birds, as they carolled, the trees among,
Seemed to echo my thoughts, in their cheerful song,
And to warble that Beauty was there.

'Twas a hot Summer's day, and to leafy glades
I fled, to escape the sultry glare;
And the insects, on busy wings as they sped,
Hummed a low, pleasant tune, and methought they said
"We are sportive, for Beauty is here."

On the forest I gazed, when Autumn was come,
And many a leaf was brown and sere;
But their tints were as varied as sunset hue,
And each tree that waved in the breeze, in my view,
Softly whispered, that Beauty was there.

'Twas the cold Winter time, the leaves were all gone,
The flowers were dead, and the frost severe;
But the landscape was decked in a robe of snow
That I fancied was glad, at the scene below;
And fell fast, because Beauty was there.

And I cried, as I stood by old Ocean's side,
"Who hears not thy voice, so deep and clear,
Now, proclaiming in thunder, 'mid billows roar,
Now, in softest notes, as thy waves on the shore
Gently ripple, that Beauty is here?"

Nor the glorious Sun doth in silence run

His course: he speaks to the list'ning ear;

And his words are the same, for where'er doth gleam

The all-gladdening light of the gay sunbeam,

It still shines on the Beauty that's there.

And the star-begemmed Sky, to the thoughtful eye,
Its lesson of loveliness doth bear;
For, inscribed on its arch, in letters of gold,
We may read the truth that was writ there of old,
"Naught surpasseth the Beauty that's here."

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Thus doth Nature proclaim, with a ready voice,
All the charms in her face that appear,
And when asked "Who created this glorious scene?"
She replieth, "'Tis Love has the maker been,
'Twas His hand formed the Beauty that's here."

And there is but *one* spot, in the wide, wide world, Whither beauty doth never draw near, In *his heart* is that barren, uncomely place, Who adores not the Giver of all this grace; No, there is no Beauty *there!*

A HYMN.

GREAT GOD, is there a spot of earth so drear,
It doth not bear
Some pledge of Thy fond love? Is there a land
Whose barren strand
Is never by Thy glorious Presence blessed—
Thy footsteps pressed?
I've searched the Universe, but cannot find

The shore, where Thou hast left no marks behind, Of tender watchful care.

When blackest clouds on Life's horizon lower, In Grief's dark hour,
Still, the bright vision of Thy smiling face
I there can trace:

Changing, by Mercy's iridescent ray, Our night to day.

Yea, Sorrow's tide can never overflow Its bounds. "Thus far thou mayest go, No farther," Thou hast said.

(Why hang your silent harps, O Israel, now, On willow bough?

Think ye Jehovah cannot, will not, hear The wand'rer's prayer; Or that he only listens to *their* praise,

Their song, who raise

By Jordan's banks? Did Hagar find it thus? Did Abram, Joseph, Daniel? Then refuse No more to comfort take).

There are, who tell me, that in Life's brief span, O Son of Man,

There is a point, i' the sinner's headlong course, At which, perforce,

Thy Mercy stops, e'en this side of the grave, Powerless to save;

When straining eyes in vain look for a token That Thou wilt heal the heart, by Satan broken, And say, "Father, forgive."

Yet I would fain believe Thou'lt ne'er despise A suppliant's cries,

But at th' eleventh hour wilt pardon, Lord, And peace afford.

Else, why didst Thou Thy sacred life-blood spill, On Calvary's hill?
Hither, I'd bid each sinner wend his way,
And, with the dying malefactor, pray
"My God, remember me."

THE PAST.

UNFATHOMABLE Past, Time's first-born son, Whose requiem ushered in Creation's morn; When order the young world did first adorn, The age of chaos didst thou claim thine own!

Say, who shall raise the veil that hides thee? Who Shall sages versed in antiquarian lore? They cannot. Science, can her vassals more? Can they disclose thy shrouded form to view?

Can Memory's fairy fingers lift thy pall?

Or History's records make it but a name?

Nay, none of these; for still, with loud acclaim,

They hail thee King of Mystery, one and all.

And yet not wholly. Each a glimpse may catch,
Hath caught, of thy dim outlines here and there;
And busy Fancy fills the sketch, where'er
Her pencil touches it, with hues that match

The iridescence of the sunset's rays,
Or gloom of Erebus' black robes; one hour
She paints thee as a rainbow-tinted flower,
Or nimbus-crownéd saint, of other days;

Anon, these glories fade, and in their stead,
A monster to our vision stands reveal'd,
Whose demon aspect, only half conceal'd,
But wreathes new horrors round his dreadful head.

Thus, as succeeding ages have revolved,

Hast thou perplexed the intellect of Man;

Nor knows he now thy mystic page to scan,
But owns thee still, a riddle all unsolved.

THE PRESENT.

Nor less, O Present, doth thy course afford More wonders than our little minds can read. Each mountain top, and every dewy mead, The wisdom shows of an omniscient Lord,

And shows man's ignorance. Can he explain

The flowers' growth, the paths of one that gem;

Or pierce the other's cloudy diadem,

And learn the mysteries that the stars contain?

And Providence, as Nature, too, is strange.

We see its working in the things around;

To guess the how or why, must aye confound

Our boasted Reason's most exalted range.

A brother's heart; a friend's, a neighbour's fate; (Nay more, our own); a nation's rise or fall; Each day's events, they are enigmas all—These things Humility should inculcate.

THE FUTURE.

But thou hast yet another child, O Time,
More weird-like, more inscrutable, than these;
So near, and yet so far, in vain one sees
Men strive to know it, in each age and clime.

Perchance, 'tis well! Could we thy form descry, Futurity, as did the seers of eld,
Thy joys and woes behold, as they beheld.
Should we be happier? "Nay," our hearts reply.

The bliss foreknown, methinks, were valued less
Than happiness unlooked for, here below;
And who, in prospect of some crushing woe,
The art that could such grief foretell would bless?

We'll seek not then, to learn what God hath hid, But wait the revelations of that day When, at His word, earth's mists shall roll away, And Time, his secrets to disclose He'll bid.

JOY IN HEAVEN.

Luke-xv. 10.

Hark! celestial harps are waking, With a new and joyous strain, Melody, in Heaven making, Such as earth can ne'er attain.

Why, in loudest notes repeated,
Peals the "Hallelujah" now?
More than wonted gladness seated,
On each angel's radiant brow?

List, to Seraphim replying,
"We can tell the cause to thee.
'Tis because a sinner's crying
'God be merciful to me!'

"Each returning wand'rer maketh
Us rejoice, o'er sins forgiven;
Yea, it is repentance waketh
Such exultant praise in Heaven.

- "He, whom now we see imploring Pardon for his guilt on earth, Shall, the King of Kings adoring, Here proclaim his Saviour's worth.
- "Oh, what joy to know another

 Takes his place the saints among!

 Shout we! for a ransomed brother

 Soon shall join our happy throng!
- "Now is his salvation nearer,
 Well may angels' anthems swell!
 Yonder crown shall find a wearer,
 When he comes with us to dwell.
- "And when Death, his soul releasing,
 Bids it upward wing its way;
 We'll, in triumph still increasing,
 Sing our comrade's greeting lay!"

A PRAYER.

When on life's rough ocean toss'd, Lord, our fragile bark we see, Then, when other hope is lost, JESU, thou our succour be!

What though thunders peal above, And the lightnings ceaseless shine! Louder is THY voice of love, Brighter still THY look benign! Thou canst all our fears assuage. Thou with calm our bosoms fill; Though the billows madly rage, Thou canst whisper, "Peace be still!" When in Sin's deep wave we sink, Reach to us Thy helping hand: Snatch us from destruction's brink: Guide us to the heav'nly strand. When death's dark clouds above us lower, Be Thy Word our beacon yet, Thou hast promised—grant us power, Ne'er Thy promise to forget. On the awful Judgment Day, When before Thy Throne we come: May Thy pardoning mercy say "Ransomed sinners, welcome home."

THE SPIRIT OF DREAMLAND.

DARKNESS, and from neighbouring clocks tolls out The hour of midnight—In thy grave, O Past! Another day lies buried; and again
Doth Nature, mourning the departed light,
Her sable mantle don, and paints the skies
With inky hues; save where bright Phœbe steals
A momentary glance, from out the clouds
That veil her face, on slumb'ring earth below;
Or where some shimmering star its feeble ray
Darts from afar, like Love's refulgent beam,
That distance doth but soften, not destroy.

Now through the dusky air, with lightning speed, A spirit wings his way, a phantom shape, Mysterious, and that cannot be defined. One moment, like a denizen of Heaven He seems, so fair and bright; the next, A spectre grim, and dark, and horrible, . A very demon he; anon, a form, Nay, shadow, strange, fantastic, shapeless, weird; The Spirit of Dreamland—whose, the nightly task, In city and in hamlet, hut and hall, The sleeper's couch to haunt, and there to sketch With skilful fingers, fairy scenes; and guide The never-sleeping mind, by hidden paths, And tangled labyrinths, to Fancy's realm; Whose elfin habitants for ever wear Their likeness, who our waking thoughts employ, The heart's fond idol, or the hated foe. Where Nature's robe, chameleon-like, doth change

Its hue to match the colours of their minds
Who look thereon—to one all ebon black
It seems—what time in sunshine beaming bright,
Another deems it—while a third perchance,
O'er Dreamland sees a pure and silver sheen,
Like moonlight sleeping, on some peaceful lake—

Thou spirit-artist! by the favored sons Of Genius here on earth, unrivalled, say, Whence come those glorious, those life-like tints, In which thou dipp'st thy pencil? Whence the spell Wherewith thou charmest Time, and Space, and Death To do thee homage, and thy call obey?— Soon as thy breath his hoary locks doth fan, The old man feels himself a child again. Once more, with clasped hands, at mother's knee, His infant lips repeat the simple prayer; Or rings the play-ground of his boyhood's days With noisy mirth, and voices of the friends Of early years, long hushed, alas, in Death; Delusion strange yet sweet! Obedient too To thy behest, the mother's darling babe, (Whose tiny form she loved, God only knows How well, and how her heart with grief was wrung, The hour they laid her in the cold, dark grave.) Seems by her side to nestle, as in life, One happy moment, and the next, in robes Of beauty, such as Angels wear above,

(The uniform of Heav'n) arrayed, she stands Beside her parent's couch; and breaths a strain Of melody celestial, in her ear; Its burden, "Mother, weep not for thy child, Thou can'st not guess how lovely is the home, The bliss, how far beyond thy wildest dreams, That now I call my own! And, mother dear, Ere long, shalt thou, with me, these glories share; Till then, farewell." And as the vision fades. A cadence of seraphic music soothes The sleeper's ear; while thou, O spirit, leav'st Her side, to wreathe the captive's stony couch With dreams of Freedom; or the sights and sounds Of home, to carry, o'er the rolling main, To where, in far-off lands, the exile's head Doth press th' uneasy pillow!

Yet not all us fair to look on, else

Thy pictures are thus fair to look on, else, Why starts you dark-browed man of evil mien, So oft with horror, from his drowsy bed, And lifts his blood-stained hands, as if to deal His victim yet another deadly blow, In hopes to crush him? For his hated prey, Though slain, yet lives, to haunt his murd'rer still; E'en in his very slumbers, crying loud For Vengeance.—And why stand the clammy drops Of agony, on yonder sneering brow?

Whose sayest thou it is? The atheist's?
Oh then, no wonder! for what tongue can tell,
How dark, how horrible beyond all thought,
May be the scenes wherein his impious mind
Doth wander, through the livelong night! How
bright

Is Erebus itself, compared with this, The midnight of the soul?

These prove thy power, Ally of conscience! and thy will, to strew
Sometimes with roses, and anon with thorns,
The mortal's path through Dreamland.—Ever let
Thy hand, thou Sprite, to us the flowers deal,
What time, in thy nocturnal flight, thy wings
Thou foldest by our couch!

FEAR NOT, CHRISTIAN.

DARK though now thy lot, and dreary, Fear not, Christian! All is well. If thy faith be never weary, Peace within thy breast shall dwell.

Though the world, thy struggles scorning, An inhuman censor prove, One doth keep thee, night and morning, Full of mercy, full of love. Thou shalt find, when grief oppresses, Stands thy Saviour by thy side, Thee, in gentlest tones, addresses, Bids thee in Himself confide.

Thou may'st hear His words resounding, "Faithful soldier, thou art Mine; See My face My foes confounding, Rest thee on an arm divine!

"Fierce though now thy fire of sorrow,
And the worldling's triumph great,
Thou shalt victor be, to-morrow,
His, the sinner's saddest fate."

I'D CHOOSE TO DWELL IN FAIRYLAND.

I'd choose to dwell in Fairyland, a happy, careless, Fay,

'Mid airy bowers, and elfin flowers, and coral groves to play.

My home should be the hyacinth, the lily leaf my bark,

The rose I'd make my pleasure-ground, a tuft of moss my park.

My drink should be the dewdrop, and my food the peach's bloom,

- My robes should be of gossamer, wov'n in elfin loom; I'd borrow from each flow'r a tint, I'd steal its sweets away;
- I'd haunt the glist'ning waterfall, and dance amid its spray.
- I'd hide upon the bulbul's wing, and learn its charméd song,
- Then warble it, the livelong day, ambrosial woods among;
- I'd join the mermaids' frolics, down beneath the deep blue sea,
- And find the treasures, rich and rare, within its caves that be.
- I'd soar with earliest peep of morn, up with the lark on high,
- And listen, as he carols out the wonders of the sky;
- I'd hie me to the owlet's side, all in the dead of night,
- And see if darkness hath its pleasures too, as hath the light.
- I'd float upon the sunbeam, with its golden glory clad;
- The zephyr's breath should waft me on, far, far, from all that's sad.
- Oh I'd be like the butterfly, that care hath never known,
- I'd banish gloom and sorrow, but I'd give to Mirth a throne.

BELLS OF CREATION.

Ring, ring for the loveliness Nature reveals, Ye bells of creation, your merriest peals. The songs of the zephyrs, the hymns of the main, The tree's gentle whispers, the nightingale's strain, Proclaim her glad beauty, again and again.

Toll, toll for the desert, the waste, and the ways Rough, rugged and barren she ofttimes displays; 'Vesuvius blazons, in letters of fire,
The earthquake and thunder, to tell it conspire,
How marr'd is this world's once so goodly attire.

Ring, ring for the noble, the upright, the brave,
That weeping we lay in the cold, silent grave;
Why mourn we their flight to the home of the
bless'd,

Where sorrow may come not, the weary find rest, And joy inconceivable dwells in each breast?

Toll, toll out your deepest, funereal knell, For all who have trodden the pathway of Hell; The tyrant, the scoffer at precepts divine, And they who, to nought that is holy, incline, And dare, unrepentent, their souls to resign. Ring, ring for such deeds as the Angels approve; The deeds that are noble, the promptings of love; The life, that to labours of mercy is given, The fetters of sin and of selfishness riven, The "cup of cold water," the debtor forgiven.

Toll, toll for all wickedness, wrought upon earth,
And toll for the sin, that hath given it birth,
The envy, the hatred, the passion, the pride,
The sneer that a tale of distress can deride,
The suer for pardon thrust rudely aside.

Toll, toll for the evil the wicked shall rue; And ring for the bliss of the good and the true; Ring, merrily ring!

A LEGEND OF A SUNBEAM.

Once, swiftly speeding from on high, A Sunbeam left the golden sky, Seeking, a home on earth, to try.

It lighted on the billows' crest, And shuddered at their mad unrest, As though by mighty fear possess'd. It glanced upon the mountain's brow, And laughed to see its pale, pale snow, With such unwonted lustre glow.

It darted on from hill to dale, And bade the daisies tell the tale, How it had shone a-down the vale.

A scarlet blushing pimpernel Oped, 'neath a hedge, its tiny bell, To greet the beam it lov'd so well.

Through leafy groves a way it found, And cast its yellow gems around, All on the shadow-patterned ground.

It shimmered o'er the silent lake, Bidding the sleeping lilies wake, Their toilet by its light to make.

It peeped in many a nest, this ray, Rousing the birds, in simple lay, Their morning orisons to pay.

A ruined Abbey next it spied, With lichened roof and moss-grown side, And to its sacred precincts hied.

A sparkle, as of amber sheen, The ripples marked, where it had been A river's grassy banks between. It pierced each rainbow-coloured pane And stole its hues, to give again Still richer to GoD'S Holy Fane.

It drove away the churchyard's gloom, And where it fell upon the tomb The violet and the heartsease bloom.

To youthful loveliness it sped, And chang'd to gold each silken thread That graced a beauteous maiden's head.

Yet roved the beam, from east to west, Seeking where it for aye might rest, Then sheltered in a young child's breast.

"My wand'rings now," it said, "are o'er; From innocence I'll part no more, Nor fairer home would e'er implore."

THE TREASURY OF THE HEART.

DEEP hid in many a pilgrim's heart, Along Earth's rugged way, There lies a secret treasury He enters day by day. The youth, whose path in morning light Seems bright and fair before him, And he who, at Life's eventide, Its shades see gathering o'er him.

Sometimes to drink, with eager lips, From Memory's limpid stream; To rest beside its cooling fount, And of the Past to dream.

Anon to hide, with jealous care,
Some thought of future joy;
A golden thing rust may not touch,
Nor Time e'er lend alloy.

One trembles ere he entereth,
And fearful glances round;
Dreading to meet he scarce knows what
Unwelcome sight or sound.

(For there are curious corners there,
And unsuspected nooks;
Whence half-forgotten thoughts may spring,
And words, and deeds, and looks.)

One goeth with unfaltering step,
. And with an upturn'd eye,
Because within the solitude,
He knows his God is nigh.

In this, man sees, in colours bright,
His early childhood's home;
Those well-loved paths where he was wont
In infancy to roam.

And that a parent's death-bed draws, In outlines all too clear; He gives one glance of agony, Then turns, and drops a tear.

Beside the glories one depicts,
E'en Eden's own were flat
And poor, for Heav'n is pictured there,
And Faith hath painted that.

But some there are of blackest tint;
O'er such we'd draw a veil—
'Twas Sin that placed them there; let Sin
Their hideousness bewail.

A mother weeps o'er yonder scene, In greenery arrayed, Her baby's grave who sleeps beneath The Cross's holy shade.

'Tis sacred, yet 'tis formed of clay,
This heart-built treasury;
And, mortal, pain must ofttimes here
Mix'd with thy pleasure be.

Another bows his aged knees, And bares his hoary head; To him the place is sacred as The chamber of the dead.

Here lie a thousand withered hopes, That once were fresh and fair, And, rose-like, shed a fragrance still, Though crushed, o'er all the air.

And many a noble purpose hid, Like gems within a mine, Till in some glorious work of light Its lustre on us shine.

A word of pity, glance of love, Some action good and kind, Within its depths is oft in gold By gratitude enshrin'd.

And pictures round its walls are hung, To greet the gazer's view; And many are the scenes they shew, And varied is their hue.

Thrice skilful limners painted all; Faith, Hope, and Love are three; And Joy, and Grief, and Bitterness, And sainted Memory.

Strive thou, at least, with all thy might,
Thine own to render pure,
So shalt thou find in Holiness
Strength given to endure.

ON THOSE WHO PERISHED IN THE "LONDON"

— JANUARY, 1866.

AND thought'st thou, Death, when those brave men went down,

A thousand tongues should tell thy triumph-story? How their sad fate should swell thy dread renown, And, shore to shore, proclaim thy victory?

How vain the dream! Thy warrant for their end Was but their title-deed to life eternal.

Hark! how the wild waves with their requiem blend A welcome song to realms of rest supernal.

They quailed not at the terror of thy form,
When o'er the dooméd vessel thou didst hover;
Far, far above the fury of the storm,
They heard a voice, "Soon shall your woes be over."

Nor fear of death, nor selfish love of life, In that dread hour affection's ties could sever, The parent with the child, husband and wife Together sank, to part no more for ever.

To save their loved-ones hand and heart had striven, Yet murmured not a voice that 'twas in vain; To man their strength, to GOD their prayers were given,

Till o'er the heroes closed the angry main.

Take comfort, ye who mourn in tears their fate,
Weep not the young and fair gone home to GoD;
Nor weep the aged pilgrim, who the gate
Of Heaven hath won, his staff GoD's chast'ning
rod.

Bight seaweeds, wreathing in their streaming hair, A garland make as fair as love e'er hung On earthly tomb; and rich beyond compare The dirge for them by deep toned surges sung!

All calmly sleep they, 'neath thy foaming billows, Where thou in wrath hath buried them, O Sea; And slumber softly on their rocky pillows, As if amidst some churchyard's greenery.

No shadowing cross doth sacred shade impart,
To their lone supulchre within thy breast;
No trophy of the sculptor's wond'rous art,
Points where the brave, the beautiful found rest.

But One hath hallowed and hath marked the spot, Whose might transcendeth, Ocean, e'en thine own; And not for ever, 'neath thy waves forgot, Shall lie their dust, whose souls to Him have flown.

Yea, though thou ragest in thy pride of power,
Thy Maker's word than thy wild waves is stronger,
Thou shalt "restore thy dead" to life that hour
When "land, and sea, and time, shall be no longer."

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

HAIL to thee, Christmas-tide, glorious season!
At thine approach should all bickerings cease.
One word of bitterness surely were treason
Now to the Virgin-born Monarch of Peace.

Say, shall we dare to bow down at His manger,
Treating a brother's devotion with scorn?

Away with all strife and unreasoning anger,
Let "Peace and Goodwill" be our motto this morn.

Vainly our gifts shall we pour out before Him, Be they of frankincense, myrrh, or fine gold; Nought 'twill avail us to seek to adore Him, Malice or hate if our bosoms enfold.

- Ten thousand are greeting their newly-born Saviour, Ten thousand ascribing high "Glory to God."
- Let none deem *his only* true christian behaviour;

 More paths to Christ's cradle than *one* may be trod.
- Some, His Fanes to adorn, Nature's treasures are bringing,

In flowers, leaves, and berries, His praises to show; While Heaven with anthems from others is ringing, Whose deep-felt emotions in melody flow.

- Though theirs is the worship of pomp and of splendour, O call them not "Pharisees, hypocrites, blind."
- Believe that their *hearts*' richest tribute they render To Jesu their Master, the King of mankind.
- And some of God's children there are, who will proffer

In sombrer devotion their homage to Him; But deem them not *cold*, for true praise they may offer, The cup of their love may be full to the brim.

Christ's fold is a wide one—His sheep they are scattered—

Christ's garden is large, and hath many a flower, He comes (and Pride's weeds 'neath His feet shall be shattered)

A blossom to cull from each separate bower.

Then hail to thee, Christmas tide, glorious season! At thine approach let all bickerings cease. One word of bitterness surely were treason Now to the Virgin-born Monarch of peace!

HYMN FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

To Calvary, on this most awful day,
While swift Thy sacred life-blood ebbs away,
O Jesu, for Thy pard'ning love to pray,
We sinners come.
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See, at Thy pangs the trembling earth doth quail, The glorious sun his moontide radiance veil! Thee, crown'd with thorns, our Saviour King to hail, We sinners come.

With weeping Mary to Thy Cross to cling, Who canst for every woe rich comfort bring, If only at its foot our load we fling, We sinners come.

Content, though ours be raised at Thy side,
(What fate more blessed Thy children could betide)
With Thee, in Death, in Paradise to abide,
We sinners come.

Thy passion's page with streaming eyes to scan,
The thirst, the weariness, the pain, who can,
And own Thee, in Thy sufferings, "perfect man,"
We sinners come.

To hear Thee say, "My murderers be forgiven!
"They know not through whose hands the nails are driven,"

And hail thee "perfect God" of Earth and Heaven, We sinners come.

To listen, awe-struck to Thy cry of woe,
Intenser than Thy torment's sharpest throe,
So dread, e'en Thou its meaning seek'st to know,
We sinners come.

To learn "'tis finish'd"—finish'd Death's worst powers; Finish'd the anguish of Thy dying hours; Finish'd the scheme that makes Salvation ours; We sinners come.

In adoration, wonder, shame, to bow,
While cold the death-dews gather on Thy brow,
And to the Father flies Thy spirit now,
We sinners come.

For us Thou'st lived—for us hast suffered pain, For us Thou diest—for us wilt live again—
To chant Thy praises in our highest strain,
We sinners come.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN KEBLE. (March 1866.)

THERE are who tell me Death's remorseless hand
The fairest human flowers of Earth's green glades
Loves, young to plant on his Cimmerian strand,
Ere glows their beauty through Life's autumn shades.

'Tis often thus, yet knows he how to spare
Some blossoms full as lovely to the view—
Yea, spares until Life's snows, all pure and fair,
Fall on their drooping heads, like heavenly dew.

'Tis Mercy stays his scythe—mercy to man; Some flowers of Eden need we here below; Their longest sojourn here is but a span, To lose them all in spring were too much woe.

One such we mourn e'en now—a more than flower, A noble tree, whose branches, widely flung, Have sheltered many a nursling in faith's bower, And borne rich fruit for us, that clust'ring hung.

A solemn strain re-echoes through the land
The church's requiem for her saintliest son,
By anthems answer'd from the angelic band,
Because another of Heaven's white robes is won.

Bless'd be thy memory, Keble! holy bard!
Whose minstrelsy on Earth did Faith inspire
To cheer the aching heart, to melt the hard,
And onwards lead the Christians steps, and higher!

But oh! thy sweetest strains outpouréd here, Were but the tuning of thy lyre for Heaven; 'Tis strung to melody still nobler there, Its key-note by the Church triumphant given.

Joy, purest joy, is thine, for aye to know—
Be still, our grief! for tears were selfish now—
And thou, fair Hursley, doff thy garb of woe;
Because his Lord hath crown'd thy pastor's brow!

'Tis not a martyr's diadem, 'tis true,
Will glitter there, before th' Eternal Throne;
Yet not a brighter form, that this land knew,
The crystal sea shall mirror than his own.

He is not dead—he lives in every heart
That pants the banner of the cross to rear;
Not dead—in endless bliss he hath a part,
And lives in realms where Death draws never near.

His Master's work his threescore years and ten Employ'd below, who now is laid to rest. The frame grown old in toil for God and men, Is gently gather'd to his Saviour's breast. He needs no epitaph to tell his worth— Each child proclaims it, as he lisps his lays; Long as the love of goodness dwells on earth, Shall Keble's name suffice to sound his praise.

('Twere vain to write upon the lily's cup,
Its grace, its loveliness, its purity;
Or say, "'Tis music," when our tears well up
For very joy at some sweet harmony.)

His monument is Hursley's noble Fane,
That, upwards pointing, symbols well his life;
To God, both consecrated, not in vain,
Speak "Peace" amid this Babel's weary strife.

Meet emblem was the hour he fell asleep;
Of that bless'd day, when, to the world above,
We too, who yet must Earth's sad vigils keep,
Shall soar, to roam the boundless fields of love.

The Church's gladdest season was at hand—
What time His saintly Spirit homewards hied!—
To celebrate, with Christ's redeeméd band,
A glorious, everlasting Eastertide.

TO A BABY SLEEPING.

HAIL, infant mariner on Life's rough sea!

Whose tiny barque upon the mighty main

Was launch'd but now, that to eternity

Shall bear thee safe, and lull thee with a strain.

Of everchanging Psalmody! This hour The first faint echoes of its music fall Upon thy baby ears, with soothing pow'r, And in Elysian dreams thy soul enthral.

Dream on, sweet babe! upon thy fairy brow
The sleep of Innocence implants a smile;
Thou thinking that, as tenderly as now,
Life's waves will ever rock thy barque the while.

Well, be it so! Some angel form, perchance, Keeping his watch of love beside thy bed, Doth offer, to thy fancy's raptured glance, A vision of the path that thou shalt tread.

May sweetest flowers blossom there, fair boy!

Thy waking is, surpass thy dreamland's seems;

Each day dawn bright with light of coming joy,

Each noon be bless'd with virtue's golden beams!

And e'en though troubles should thy pathway throng, And sorrow, mountain-like, thy course obstruct; On, dauntless on! "Excelsior" be thy song! An upward road to Heaven shall conduct.

ON ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH, CANTERBURY,

- TREAD gently, O ye sons of men; this spot is holy ground.
- Speak low! a sacred stillness reigneth here on all around,
- Yet the mind in vision seeth the long dead to live once more;
- And hears them raise again the hymns that echoed here of yore.
- Thou art thrice bless'd, thou hallowed Fane, for Time hath called thee so,
- And reverently laid his hand in blessing on thy brow,
- And closely as the ivy clingeth to thine ancient tower,
- Tradition's laurels crown thee with fair garlands every hour.

- But most, because that from thine aisles, as ages have rolled on,
- A thousand strains of prayer and praise to Heaven's high Throne have gone;
- And Christ Himself hath stood unseen, thy worshippers among,
- And noted whose the idle words, and whose the heartfelt song.
- 'Tis sweet to think that from that dim mysterious world of shades,
- Where disembodied spirits haunt the ever-verdant glades,
- The glances of affection may be cast upon thee still,
- From many a soul who learn'd in thee to do his Maker's will!
- Yea, perhaps the thoughts of Bertha, that fair and royal dame,
- Whose ashes moulder in you tomb, that bears her cherish'd name,
- And of the king who learnéd here how earthly crowns are dross,
- Compared with their bright diadem whose glory is the Cross.
- Still fondly turn to what they deemed of their beloved land,
- The holiest spot, the Church, where erst one small devoted band

- Of Christian warriors, out of Pagan darkness into light,
- First led their people, and did teach them in Christ's cause to fight.
- And they whose brows, at yonder font, Salvation's symbol seal'd;
- That symbol that should nerve their arm Messiah's sword to wield;
- Say, who can tell *they* look not now, with gentle loving eyes,
- Where points thy green-embosomed tower upwards to the skies?
- But this we *know*; the heart that unimpressed could linger here,
- Nor feel its inmost depths constrained God's presence to revere,
- And with the past, in silent awe, a commune sweet to hold,
- Were strangely sceptical, or formed in wondrous stony mould!

REALITIES AND IDEALITIES.

Holiness.—A golden fruit, which man can never reach, till God bends down the bough on

which it hangs; and not then, unless man stretch out his hand to the utmost to grasp it.

- Boastfulness.—The tinkling of the fool's bells.
- Faith.—The impregnable citadel of the soul.
- Hope.—The beacon that lights the vessel of Humanity through the stormy nights of Adversity.
- Charity.—The clue that guides the Christian to the bright spot in a brother's heart, through the mazes of his imperfections.
- Self-righteousness.—A detachment of Satan's soldiers in ambuscade.
- Time.—The sluggard's tyrant; the wise man's slave.
- Vanity.—The national flag of the kingdom of Ignorance.
- Self-examinations.—The milestones on the road to Heaven.
- Mercy.—The conqueror's most glorious trophy.
- Flowers.—The illuminated type in which the truth that "God is Love" is written in His great book of Nature.
- Prejudice.— The quintain of society, at which, if any one aim a blow, he will most likely receive a heavier.

- Little sins.—The drops that will in time wear away the rock of Virtue, if allowed constantly to fall upon it.
- Hate.—A poisonous herb that will only grow where Satan is head-gardener.
- Perseverance.—The crutch that will help the lamest intellect to climb the sides of Parnassus, if not to reach its summit.
- Tribulation.—The fiery chariot which bears many a saint heavenwards.
- Human Attainments.—The shadow of knowledge on the wall, which looks large at a distance, but grows smaller and smaller the closer the substance approaches to examine it.
- Human Life.—The first link in the chain of immortality.
- Ostentatious Benevolence.—Self-love in Sundayattire.
- Piety.—The richest robe of Humanity.
- Contentment.—The best elixir of life.
- Humility.—The coat of arms that belongs to the highest rank of all; the nobility of the soul.

- Credulity.—The lumber-room of the mind, where much rubbish may be found, but nothing of great value.
- Industry.—The only monarch to whom Time owes allegiance.
- Wickedness.—Man's title-deeds, drawn out by himself, to an inheritance in the kingdom of misery.
- Friendship.—The silver chain that binds heart to heart, but is never felt as a fetter.
- Fashion, Wealth, and Station.—The trinity of the world's worship.
- Talents.—God's money put out to interest.
- Resignation. The flower that emits the most fragrant odour when crushed.
- Fame and Fortune.—Two blind almoners, who often bestow their richest gifts where they are least deserved.
- Christian Fortitude.—The Æolian harp whose strains are awakened by the breezes of adversity.
- Honesty.—The true philosopher's stone.

- Single Blessedness.—The casket which, though too often despised and ridiculed on earth, will be found to contain many a rich and rare gem in the day when "God makes up His jewels."
- Envy.—The blemish in the mind's eye which prevents its seeing the excellence of others.
- The Christian's Peace in his dying hour.—The lily of of the valley of the shadow of death.
- Order.—The frontispiece of the book of Nature.
- Death, Agony, and Remorse.—The coins with which Satan pays his faithful followers.
- Past, Present, and Future.—Time's three great enigmas, which only Eternity can solve.
- Thought.—A messenger who laughs at the tardiness of the lightning.
- Perfect Bliss.—Only to be defined in the dictionary of Heaven.
- Artifice.—The pieces of a puzzle innocence can never put together.
- Religion.—The only yoke that is sweeter than liberty.

- Heaven.—The glorious city, to which earth should be a scaling-ladder.
- Spiritual Blessings.—Sea-weeds in the ocean of Life, borne hither and thither by every movement of the waters, and generally found in the greatest masses when the billows are rough—beautiful as flowers, and not so soon fading.
- Peace.—A gem, dropped upon Earth from its setting in the heavens.
- A Promise.—A sacred deposit to be left at the office of Honour till called for.
- Onwards and Upwards.—The Church's watchwords.
- Grace.—God's staff lent to human pilgrims.
- Selfishness.—The file that divides the chain which should bind us to our fellows.
- Suspicion.—A thief who looks on all men as robbers.
- Nature.—God's kaleidoscope, always presenting to the beholder some new combination of Beauty.
- Contempt of Others.—The marriage bells that proclaim the union of Ignorance and Illnature.

Lethargy.—The paralysis of the mind.

Pity.—Ointment for the wounded heart.

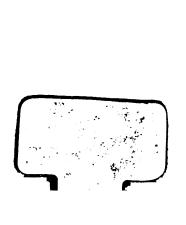
Determination.—The key-note of the song of Victory.

Patience.—A knife that cuts many a thorn from the rose of existence.

The Desire for Amendment.—The first step on the road to Reformation.



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